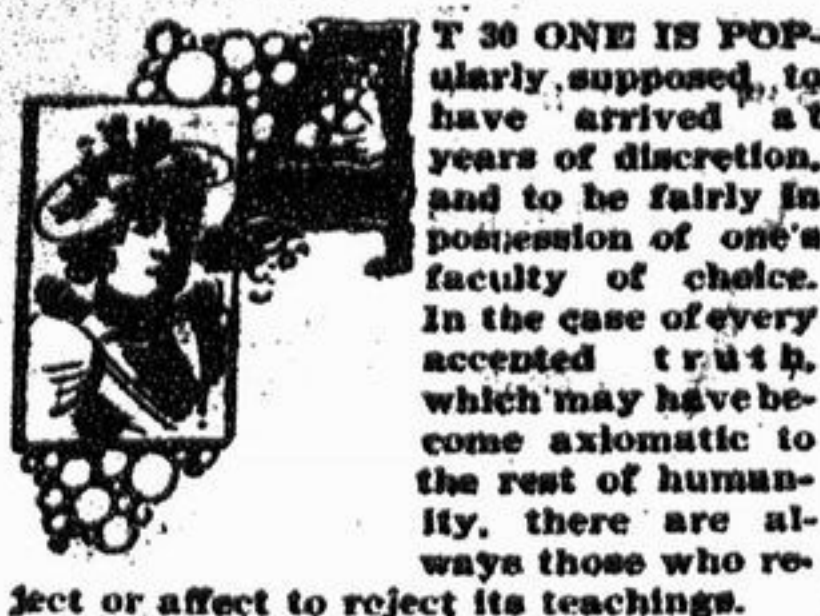


MISS PENELOPE PAINE.



Every glance he got at the young man's disquieted face was a tribute to his own triumph.

But no one state of affairs can last forever, least of all such a strained one as this. It has been said before that Mr. Paine was an enthusiastic odd-fellow and it was his devotion to the cause of that order that made him relax his vigilance.

Then visions of the society in session and the frightened candidates came before his eyes. He laughed to himself, for this hardened old tyrant had not lost all his taste for fun.

But love has won the reputation of laughing at locksmiths, and embodied in the person of Ned Holburn, he went knocking at Penelope's window.

Something in the character of the tap or some subtle intuition which only love inspires told her who it was and she forgot her timidity enough to raise the latch and opened the shutter a little.

"It's me, Ned," said the ungrammatical Holburn, eagerly, and there was a note of deep pleading in his voice as he added:

"It's our only chance, darling. Get your hat and climb out of the window. I've got a chair here for you to get down on."

Penelope said nothing and through the darkness her face was not visible, but a moment's pause told him that she demurred.

"You won't refuse me, little one," he pleaded. "This will be our last chance and if we let it slip we shall be separated forever. You can trust me, dearest; don't hesitate any longer."

Penelope went away from the window for a moment, and when she returned she had her hat tied on and a shawl thrown about her shoulders.

When he could endure the suspense no longer he was excited and started for home. He had hardly entered the yard when an open shutter flapping listlessly on its hinges arrested his attention and his heart sunk within him.

Penelope, he thought, would never leave a shutter that way under any conditions. The key gave forth a hollow, lonesome sound as he turned it in the lock and the sound of his footsteps on the floor was altogether weird and unusual.

"Penelope," he called, with a trembling voice. "Oh, Penelope!"

But only the echoes answered him, and the welcome truth thrust itself upon him that Penelope was gone. He went outside and sitting down upon the step bowed his head in his hands.

Just then the sound of wheels fell on his ear and a buggy was driven up and halted at the gate.

Then a man helped a woman to alight. The grocer recognized her and ran down the steps, crying:

"Penelope, Penelope, ain't you ashamed—you've been riding!"

But here the voice of Holburn broke in: "We're married," he said.

"Huh!" cried the old man. "Yes, sir."

"Well, well, Penelope Paine—" "Holburn," said Ned, proudly.

"Penelope," went on the old man, ignoring his son-in-law. "I never would have thought it of you."

The girl was silent, frightened and fearful.

"And you, Ned Holburn, to think of you being a brother in the same lodge and all of that and then playing me such a dirty trick!"

"I guess I'm able to keep a wife," said the young man, sullenly.

"Able to keep her; able to keep her! That ain't it; it's the way you got her, Penelope Paine, after all the raising I've been giving you, do you realize what you have done? You've been guilty of eloping, do you hear?"

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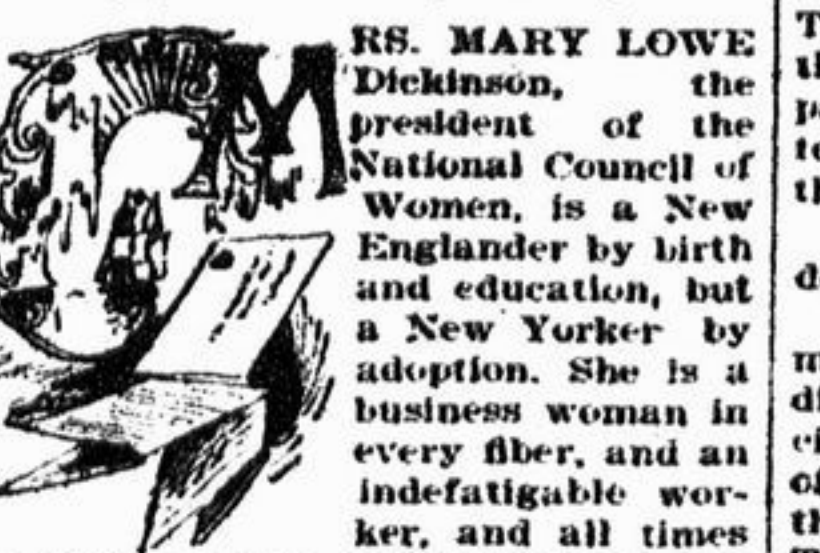
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LEADERS OF WOMEN.

PRESIDENT DICKINSON AND HER CABINET AT WORK.

The Head of the National Council of Women Works Hard All Day at Her Desk—Has Been a Teacher and Professor.

(Special Correspondence)



Mrs. MARY LOWE Dickinson, the president of the National Council of Women, is a New Englander by birth and education, but a New Yorker by adoption.

She is a business woman in every fiber, and an indefatigable worker, and all times are alike to her in getting through her multifarious, self-imposed duties.

The advancement of her sex is the one great object of her life. A better choice for president of the great organization that comprises all the women's societies of the country could hardly have been made.

She was a school teacher when very young, and something of the masterful way so soon acquired by teachers is still apparent in her manner, only softened by a charming personality and a kindly nature that makes her a delightful person to meet.

At the age of 24 she went abroad for three years. Upon her return she was married to John B. Dickinson, a wealthy New York banker and retired from active work for a time.

But his death and the loss of her fortune, sent her back into the ranks of workers, fortunately for the public and the National Council of Women. She has written several successful novels and is now the sole editor of the Silver Cross, a magazine devoted to the interests of the King's Daughters and Sons.

She was professor of literature in the University of Denver for a time. Then she was made emerita professor and a chair of belles lettres was literally endowed and named by the board of trustees the Mary Lowe Dickinson Chair.

She has always been interested in temperance work, and has, in fact, been active in every line of woman's work calculated to improve the condition of the world.

has yet been formed. When women who sympathize with the democratic party, or with any other political faith, shall organize under any political banner, they will be just as welcome to an expression and an advocacy of their opinions in the council platform as in the Women's Republican association at present.

The officers of the cabinet will be continually in touch with their president. Mrs. Davis, who is a particularly able woman, is the same building as Mrs. Dickinson, and the others will communicate by letter when they are not there. But they will write frequently.

After leaving Mrs. Dickinson the writer met Mrs. Davis in her office and found her quite as busy as the president. She is a charming woman who can always find time to talk to visitors no matter how much she may have to do.

She was enthusiastic over the work of the council. She said that to attend the meetings in Washington from beginning to end was as good as a university education. There were so many subjects brought up that she would be a dull woman, indeed, who did not find that she had a great deal that was new and interesting to think about.

friction at first, but everything gradually smoothed down, and the meeting was characterized by perfect harmony. It has been said that women cannot agree at a public meeting. We cannot and we do not want to agree. What would be the use of a great number of people, men or women, going into a meeting with only one idea? What would be gained by such a collection of colorless minds? No; we don't want to agree. We want to attend councils and congresses, each one of us having an aggressive purpose, and out of the clash of battle may come the truth.

There were thirty-two meetings held in the two weeks, and sixty or seventy papers were read by women and written by women—women who knew what they were talking about.

"Will the cabinet be like the president's in its general plan?" "I suppose all cabinets are modeled more or less on the same plan. We shall discuss questions that concern the council, and no doubt the combined views of its members will be more valuable than the opinion of any one member.

The next National Council of Women will be held in 1898 at Washington, the councils taking place triennially. It will be conducted by an upper and lower house. The president will reside over the upper house, or council, which will be composed of the treasurer, corresponding secretary and first recording secretary at large, the president, one delegate from each national organization in the national council, the presidents of state councils and the chairmen of the standing committees.

The vice-president at large will preside over the lower council. "The membership of the national council is 1,000,000. The delegates represent 8,000,000 women all over the world. Before the next meeting we expect it to be much larger, but we cannot estimate the number at this time. The future of the council must, like the future of every institution, depend upon the future of those who compose it. The future condition of women can be read only by those who read the present condition of women in connection with their past."

"When women get the ballot in what direction will the council's political influence be exerted?" "The council, as a council, is neither republican, democratic, populist, prohibition nor gungump; but its membership represents all of the inclinations and tendencies suggested by those parties. Only one political organization, strictly speaking, of women,

The Most Beautiful Mansion.

The largest and costliest private mansion in the world is that belonging to Lord Rute, called Montautart, and situated near Hothney, England. It covers nearly two acres; is built in gothic style; the walls, turrets and balconies are built of stone. The immense tower in the center of the building is 120 feet high, with a balcony around the top. The halls are constructed entirely of marble and alabaster, and the rooms are finished in mahogany, rosewood and walnut. The fire-places are all carved marbles of antique designs. The exact cost of this fairy palace is not known, but it has never been estimated at less than \$8,000,000.

About Big Theaters.

Parts claims the finest theater in the world. It is of solid stone, finished with marble floors, and covers about four acres of ground. La Scala, of Milan, has the largest seating capacity, while the Auditorium at Chicago, completed in 1889, seating 7,000 people, ranks second in that respect.

Look Out for "No. 1"

Your First Duty is to Yourself. Your Bodily Condition Calls for the Help to be Found in a Good Spring Medicine

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Spring is the season for cleansing and renewing the blood. During the winter it has crept slyly through the veins, gathering impurities from indoor air, from fatty substances in the food, and from many other sources.

The great blood purifying medicine especially prepared to do this work is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It will give to the blood purity, richness and vitality and they will bring health and vigor, strong nerves, a good appetite, refreshing sleep, and powers of endurance.

Hood's Pills

Metal Wheels for your Wagons



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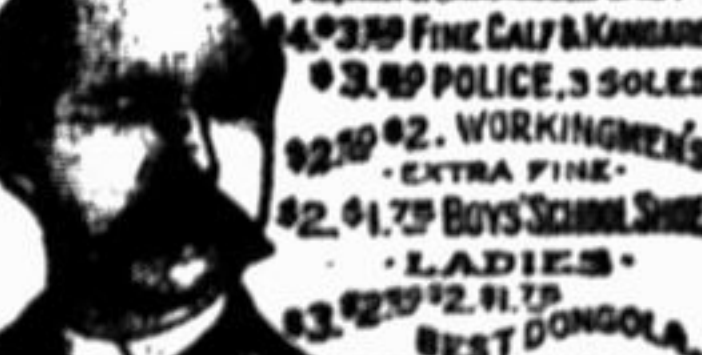
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